Federal Bureau of Investigation
File #305-OM-5455

NOTE: THE PENALTY FOR CONVICTION IN UNAUTHORIZED DISCLOSURE OF SENSITIVE FEDERAL INFORMATION, INCLUDING INFORMATION DEEMED AS CLASSIFIED, IS PUNISHABLE BY FINES AND IMPRISONMENT OF UP TO 20 YEARS AND $80,000.

TO: HQ
FROM: OM Field Office
SUBJECT: CASE INFORMATION REQUESTED
DATE SENT: 03/19/1994
STATE: Nebraska
CITY OF INCIDENT: Valentine

SPECIAL AGENT
GRANT MOORE

On September 19th, 1993, At 05:15 AM (UTC -1), the FBI Field Office in Omaha, Nebraska, received a call from the Valentine Police Department regarding a local fast food chain named "Wheelhouse".

Following is a transcript of that call.

AUDIO TRANSCRIPT #001-305-OM-5455
OPERATOR: Alicia Riley (ID #386-MD)

OM: This is the FBI Omaha Field Office, how can I direct your call?

Grayson: This is Chief Peter Grayson with the Valentine Police Department. I'm calling and requesting help with a uhh… mass homicide that took place at a local fast food chain named "Wheelhouse".

Cleaver: I understand, would you remain on the line for just a moment?

[HOLD]

Cleaver: Peter?

Grayson: I’m here

Cleaver: You said, “Mass Homicide”?

Grayson: Without a doubt.

Cleaver: Could you expand on that? Take your time.

Grayson: Sure. Tonight, or I guess it was last night I haven’t slept, one of my officers, Clark Dempsey, responded to a 911 call from a payphone of a general store, a few miles down the street from Wheelhouse.

Cleaver: At what time?

Grayson: This would’ve been 10:45 PM. The nature of the call was a hit-and-run. Scott Harper explained that he hadn’t seen the kid on the side of the road. Christopher Mallard. When Dempsey arrived at the scene, Scott had driven back, and he was sitting on a large rock on the side of the road bawling. EMS arrived on the scene and pronounced Christopher at 11:00. He’d been mangled. Dempsey noted a large knife smeared with blood on the side of the road.

Cleaver: What kind of knife?

Grayson: This prompted Dempsey’s curiosity, as did the fact that a 23-year-old kid was walking down a dark road instead of driving down it. He called for backup and they detained Scott for further questioning, then he went up the road to Wheelhouse. What he saw…we have the tapes…it’s…

[SILENCE]

Cleaver: Peter?

Grayson: I'm sorry. He saw [redacted] *(See attached police report)*

Cleaver: I understand.

Grayson: I can fax you his initial report. He's since taken a leave and refuses to discuss it.

Cleaver: Please do. The number is [redacted]

Grayson: I'll get on that.

Cleaver: We'll dispatch agents, they'll arrive mid-day tomorrow.

[DISCONNECT]

POLICE REPORT
VALENTINE POLICE DEPARTMENT

CASE NO: [redacted]

REPORTING OFFICER: **Clark Dempsey**

Incident:

I responded to a 911 call regarding a code 18 hit and run from Scott Harper. When I arrived on scene, the victim, Christopher Mallard, was face down. He was wearing a stained apron from Wheelhouse. I questioned Harper and administered a DUI test. He passed. EMS arrived and pronounced Mallard deceased. Near his person was a large, stained kitchen knife. I was curious as to why a 23-year-old kid would be walking down such a dark road at night instead of driving, so I went up to Wheelhouse itself. The front window was busted out from the inside, shards of glass were all over the floor. Inside, a victim was pinned against a wall behind the register, Hector Iglesias. I would later learn this was the shift lead. I called for backup. Once it arrived with coroners, we taped off the crime scene and went to the security office to watch the tapes

I strongly advise against allowing anyone to view them.

On the morning of September 19th, at 08:15, Special Agent Catherine Davis and I requisitioned a car and traveled North toward Valentine. We arrived at 1:30. I spoke to Grayson, requesting the tapes that Dempsey had warned of. At 2:00, we popped the security tapes into the Department's VHS player in a large room that contained just Catherine, Grayson, and I.

I confiscated the tapes afterward, sending them to Omaha. They produced the video transcript at the end of this document. The tapes themselves are on this file and have been destroyed*.

In total, there were seven victims on the night of September 18th:

-Christopher Mallard (23) - Back of House Shift Lead, Caucasian

-Ryan Adams (21) - Back of House, Caucasian

-Hector Iglesias (25) - Front of House Shift Lead, Hispanic

-Hunter Jackson (20) - Front of House, African American

-Stan Wilder (18) - Drive-Thru, Caucasian

-Mara Reyes (19) - Drive-Thru, Hispanic

-Sam Black (24) - Front of House Training, Caucasian

At the time of writing this, there appears to be no discernible motive. No connection by race, age, or gender. The only things that connect the victims are:

-They were all alumni of Valentine High School, as nearly the entire town is.

-They were all employees of Wheelhouse.

**At the behest of [redacted], local law enforcement was advised to keep the press as far away from this case as possible. It's not in the best interest of the public [redacted] to [redacted] the incident.*

SPECIAL AGENT
GRANT MOORE

PRELIMINARY INFORMATION:

"Wheelhouse" was a local medieval-themed fast food location owned and operated by Michael Grechen (54). The building has a signature waterwheel on the right-hand side that was undergoing construction at the time of the incident.

Out of respect for the victims and their families, Grechen has closed the establishment and is selling the building. He's also helped pay for the seven funerals, all closed casket. We had the chance to interview Michael two days after we checked into the Raine Motel. He agreed to speak to us the moment we came to his door.

According to Michael, the idea came to him while on a backpacking trip through parts of Germany. He has shared that Sir Sterling, the mascot that stands at attention outside of the derelict building, has a "unique story".

"I was at an auction in Germany about a week or so into my trip, just wandering around, really. At one of the vending stations, I saw Sir Sterling's helmet. I took him with me and around that time I came up with the idea for Wheelhouse. I opened it last year, and it's been a hit. I named him after the sterling silver cross on my chain."

Michael's alibi checks out on both the tapes and his wife Karen's confirmation. He was home because he was congested and didn't feel good about having a cold around the food in the building.

The Perpetrator used a litany of blunt weapons while dressed as the company's mascot.

This was particularly disturbing to Michael, who said every morning he clocked in he would "bless" Sir Sterling and pray over him. He added that Sterling would "never" do something like this.

He said, “I feel bad. That was the only morning in the last year I hadn’t been there. Why did someone have to go and commit such violence in his spirit?”

The weapons used on the victims were tools from the construction being done to the waterwheel on the side of the building. When construction was done for the day, the crew left the tools there because “they were coming back” at 07:00. The tools that were used were a nail gun, a hammer, a saw, and a wrench - the nail gun had been loaded for the morning with 5 inch nails. The construction crew - Dale Lacey, Wayne Sawyer, and Bobby Kissinger, have maintained their alibis under questioning.

Dale - “Home Drinking”
Wayne - “Was with my wife.”
Bobby - “Was at the bar.”

Alibis have been cross-referenced with neighbors, wives, and owner of “Morley’s”, a local bar.

AUDIO TRANSCRIPT #002-305-OM-5455 - “Michael Grechen”

Moore: Alright, tape is rolling. Thank you for agreeing to meet with us a second time.

Michael: Any time. I’ve barely slept since we last talked.

Davis: We appreciate your cooperation, Mr. Grechen, and we’re sorry to hear that. Every detail you’ve shared and are about to share helps us further. Just know we want the same thing as you.

Michael: Of course.

Moore: It is our understanding that there was some construction going on at the building. We’ve already questioned the crew, their alibis are clear. We had some questions regarding the tools used.

Michael: Alright.

[A page flip is heard. Agent Davis begins to write.]

Moore: The Perpetrator used a nail gun, a hammer, a saw, and a wrench - all from the construction site outside of your building. On behalf of the bureau, we are inclined to ask why the

construction site wasn't secured. We asked the crew, and they said they thought nothing of it because…why, Davis?

[Davis flips a few pages back]

Davis: Dale said it would have been easier to just leave them there because they were coming right back in the morning. Wayne and Bobby both confirmed this sentiment in their own…colorful ways.

Michael: Forgive me for asking, but what's the question here?

Moore: We're just wondering if you'd have any idea as to why they would have left their tools unattended.

[SILENCE]

Michael: I guess don't I understand the question. I mean, it's an oversight on their part, but I'm not sure how I can offer input.

[Agent Moore leans forward]

Moore: I'm not accusing you. Your alibi checks out with your neighbors, your wife, and the tapes. The crew's alibi also checks out so far. We're required to ask certain questions to cover all bases. *Someone* did this, and that someone knew those tools were there.

Michael: I understand.

Davis: And while we're not pointing fingers at anyone, it's not out of the realm of possibility that if it were a premeditated crime, their tools were left there on *purpose*, and there's a wider story as to why or how. Someone could be covering for one of the men, if they're involved.

[SILENCE]

Michael: I never would've imagined that.

Davis: Of course not. Why would you?

[There is a knock on the door to his study]

Karen: Michael?

Michael: Yes dear?

Karen: Do our friends with the bureau want some coffee?

Davis: We're good.

Michael: Me too, dear.

Karen: Alright.

[The door closes]

Michael: Sorry about that. I love her to death but she's damn nosy.

Moore: It's no bother, Mr. Grechen.

Michael: Back to your question, I have no idea why they would have left their tools there. But those guys, they must have told the truth.

Davis: *Must* have? And why is that?

Michael: Because this is *Valentine*.

[Michael surges forward. Both agents sit upright]

Michael: Things like this don't happen in Valentine. No one steals your tools, they ask to use them. We attend the same churches, the same grocery stores, the same bars. It sounds corny, even borderline satire given the town's name, but there's real heart here. That's why we kept moving back.

Moore: I understand, but *someone* did this. And it's very likely it's someone you—

Michael: This act, this gruesome, horrific act, it's just-

[Michael's voice breaks]

[Karen comes through the door]

Karen: *Michael?*

Michael: I'm *fine*.

Moore: We'll get out of your hair. If you can think of anything else that might help us, please give us a call. We're at the Raine Motel.

[Agents Moore and Davis stand]

Michael: Grant?

Moore: Yes?

Michael: Promise me you will try everything to catch this son of a bitch.

Moore: We're working on it.

Michael: Thank you both. If you need anything, we're here to help. The entire community.

[END TAPE]

SPECIAL AGENT
CATHERINE DAVIS

FINAL CUSTOMERS BEFORE INCIDENT:

As Moore investigated the construction company and questioned the crew, I took the liberty of identifying and speaking with the final three customers of Wheelhouse that Saturday night:

-Bryan Myers (21)
-Gary Harvey (83)
-Megan Jules (36)

My first interview was with Bryan Myers, who was there about half an hour before the incident. On camera, he orders a #1 small, which was their signature "WheelBurger", eats about half of it, and then begins to rock back and forth. He is very twitchy. He piqued my curiosity most.

AUDIO TRANSCRIPT - #003-305-OM-5455 - "Bryan Myers"

Davis: Alright, Bryan. The tape is going.

Bryan: Al-Alright.

Davis: Where were you at 10 PM on September 18th?

Bryan: I was on my way h-h-home.

[Sound of Agent Davis writing]

Davis: To this house?

Bryan: Yes-s.

Davis: Are you okay, Mr. Myers?

Bryan: Y-yes, sorry. N-nerves.

Davis: Nerves? Regarding…?

Bryan: I-I-ts not everyday you speak with a Fe-federal officer, ma'am.

Davis: Just try and relax, okay? I'm only here to ask questions.

Bryan: Y-y-yes ma'am. Sorry. I have an anx-x-iety disorder.

Davis: You do?

Bryan: Yes ma'am.

Davis: Do you take any medication for it?

Bryan: I'm-m prescribed Clonazepam. I try my best not to take it though, only when the fire is so bright and orange I have n-no choice. I'm worried about addiction.

Davis: I understand. Thank you for clearing that up, Bryan.

[Agent Davis writes]

Bryan: My pleasure.

[Agent Davis flips the page]

Davis: What did you order?

Bryan: A n-number one, small. I could only e-eat half of it though, I was nauseous.

Davis: I understand.

Bryan: When I left, I got in my car and had a slight panic attack. I had this feeling of imp-pending doom, which is particularly disturbing given why you're here.

Davis: I understand. That must be difficult for you.

Bryan: It feels like m-my anxiety was trying to tell me something. To trust my gut, maybe. T-tell me to leave.

Davis: Do you live with anyone, Bryan?

Bryan: Y-yes, but I'm all on my lonesome right now. My mother and f-father are in Omaha visiting some family.

[Agent Davis proceeds writing]

Davis: And your neighbors, did anyone see you come home?

Bryan: That old lady Martha usually sits on her p-porch at night.

[Agent Davis stands]

Davis: I think that will be all, today.

END TAPE

Further interview with his neighbor Martha did confirm he arrived home around 9:50, but that he stood on the porch and sobbed like, “some kinda fuckin’ maniac.”

I am personally electing not to pursue this. I pulled his prescription from the pharmacy, and I tracked down his doctor. Due to a traumatic car accident in which he lost his best friend at the age of 17, he has been suffering a great deal from panic disorder. His background and alibi stand tall. His sense of impending doom, as hard as it is to deal with, likely saved his life.

The second person I spoke to was Gary Harvey.

When I had originally spoken to Mr. Grechen about the final customers on tape and provided him with image captures, he told me he was fond of Gary the most. A sweet, delicate old man.

He was anything but when I attempted to question him.

He was at the drive-through in his red Ford truck, (PLATES [redacted]), and he was talking to Mara Reyes waiting on his order. On video, they share a laugh, he gets his order, and he drives off at around 9:45. Local neighbors confirmed seeing his truck in his driveway at 9:55. When I attempted to speak to him, he dismissed me and said he had nothing to say.

His face was red.

His neighbor's ability to place him crossed him off my list.

The final customer, Megan, was a high school teacher. When I arrived at the house, she sat with me and offered tea. I declined. She did not consent to tape recording and began crying when I explained why I was there. Three of the victims, Stan, Mara, and Hunter, had been former students.

Her alibi of picking up food and arriving home was confirmed by her husband and neighbors.

With that, and with Moore’s lack of definitive evidence, we sent the tapes off to Omaha’s field office. They faxed us a transcript of the video which is now included in this case file directly before the conclusion.

IT IS BOTH MY PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL OPINION THAT THIS TRANSCRIPT, AS WELL AS THE TAPES THEMSELVES, *NEVER* FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC, MEDIA, OR VICTIMS FAMILIES. EXTRAPOLATED IMPLICATIONS ARE BASIS FOR MASS HYSTERIA.

VIDEO TRANSCRIPT - #001-305-OM-5455

C1 - FRONT OF HOUSE

TIME: 9:50

Hector: Thanks for choosing Wheelhouse.

Megan: Of course. Say hello to Mara for me.

[Megan leaves]

[Hector turns to Sam Black]

Hector: So, how do you feel about your third day?

Sam: I think I'm getting the hang of it.

Hector: Alright, I'm going to ring up some food for myself. Do you want any?

Sam: No thanks.

Hector: Your loss. We'll do our closing tasks in a moment but before that, can you go out front and clean up any trash? Wrappers, receipts, that sort of thing? Take the grabber.

Sam: Alright.

[Hector gives him a trash picker. Sam readjusts his black hat and carries it outside with a trash bag]

[THERE WERE NO OUTSIDE CAMERAS]

Hector: Hunter?!

[Hector makes his way to Back of House]

C2 - BACK OF HOUSE

TIME: 9:54

[Hunter Jackson is standing beside Mara and Stan to the right, by the drive-thru window. In the back, Christopher Mallard and Ryan Adams are beginning to clean the grills and other areas. Fryers are still going]

Hunter: What?

[Hector enters frame]

Hector: Can you do bathrooms?

Hunter: Aw, shit, Hector can't you just get your fuckin' trainee to do it?

Hector: Nah he did it the last two nights.

Hunter: Fine but only if you're restocking the front.

Hector: Whatever.

[Hector grabs himself a wrapped burger from under the heat lamp. He unwraps it, the bun charred with the signature wheel grill burn-in]

Mara: How's the trainee?

Hector: His name's Sam.

[Mara smiles at him]

Hector: He's strong. Good customer service. I think Mike will like him. Maybe I'll make assistant manager. He's been talking about a second location.

Mara: You deserve it, I think.

[Christopher yells from the back]

Christopher: Hector! Are we done? Can I play music?

[Hector gives him a thumbs up and takes a bite of his burger]

[Christopher, pulling a boombox stereo from the back, puts it on cleaned prep counter and sets it to a rock station, full volume]

[Ryan and Christopher swing their heads as they wipe down the grill. Stan and Mara begin to close the drive-thru, cleaning and restocking the area]

[A loud, blaring, medieval-sounding horn announces that someone has walked through the front door]

[Hector swallows and walks back towards the Front, burger in hand.]

TIME: 10:00

C1 - FRONT OF HOUSE

[Hector approaches the register, focused on the next bite of his burger]

Hector: Sam, before you lock that door make sure to shut off the-

[Hector stops]

C4 - DINING ROOM; NEAR ENTRANCE

[The Perpetrator, referred to from here on as Sir Sterling due to the likeness of his disguise, is standing in the center of the dining room. He is 6'2, has a satchel slung over his shoulder, and is holding Sam by the back of his neck in his left hand. The right hand is behind his back. Sam has various lesions, scrapes, and swelling bruises on his face, arms, and legs.]

Sam: Hector-

[Sir Sterling throws Sam down to his knees, pulling his right hand from behind his back. He's holding the nail gun]

[He pulls the trigger. Sam jolts as a 5 inch nail lodges itself in the back of Sam's head, knocking his hat off. Sam's body convulses, his mouth jitters, and a slow culvert of blood throbs from his head]

[Sterling stares at Sam for 5 seconds before looking up, making eye contact with Hector]

C1 - FRONT OF HOUSE

[Hector drops his burger. He covers his mouth with both hands. On Camera 4, Sir Sterling raises the nail gun and squeezes]

[Hector is struck between his torso and right shoulder blade, nailing him to the wood menu behind him. He screams, but it's drowned out by the radio]

[Sir Sterling glides to the counter, placing the nail gun down. He rounds the corner, approaches Hector, and pulls a hammer from his satchel]

[Hector's crying becomes more frantic]

Hector **[LIP READING]**: Please, please, please—

[Sir Sterling bludgeons Hector's left arm with the hammer. It falls limp. He turns the hammer claw side, placing it in between Hector's tongue and bottom row of teeth. With both hands, he pulls down. Hector's jawbone gives , his chin hanging loose as blood pours from the ripped corners of his mouth]

[Sterling picks the burger up from the floor, shoves it in Hector's mouth and plugs his nose until Hector hangs limp.]

[A sound on the opposite side of the dining room, near the bathrooms, steals Sterling's attention. He grabs the nail gun, holsters the hammer in his belt, and moves to the dining room]

C2 - BACK OF HOUSE

TIME: 10:05

[Mara cleans out the soda dispensers. Stan goes to the freezer to check temperatures and grab ice for the bins. Christopher and Ryan are switching out the trash bins]

C3 - DINING ROOM; NEAR BATHROOMS

TIME: 10:08

[Sir Sterling walks down the checkerboard, wooden panels, making his way to the bathrooms]

[Twenty seconds later, Hunter walks out and Sterling is directly in front of him. He screams at the blood speckling Sterling's helmet and throws a punch. With his free hand, Sterling snags his wrist and lifts it into the air, firing three point-blank nail shots to his stomach]

[Hunter rips away and limps towards the greater dining room area]

Hunter: Hector! Mara! FUCK! SOMEONE!

[Sterling watches, slowly removing the hammer from his belt. He throws it, spinning toward the back of Hunter's head. It's a direct hit and he falls to the floor holding his scalp.]

[Sterling moves, standing over him. He removes a wrench from his satchel]

[Hunter shakes his head, crawling backward. Sterling stops him with a metal boot to the shoulder. He kneels, hammering Hunter with the wrench until his face is unidentifiable

[Sir Sterling stands and observes what he's done, putting the wrench in his belt. He lifts the nail gun and fires once. Hunter's body shudders, his fingers lock and unlock, and then he's still]

C2 - BACK OF HOUSE

TIME: 10:10

[Stan carries a bucket of ice to the front. He takes a piece of ice and slips it down the back of Mara's shirt, before dumping a small milkshake over the top of her head]

[Mara storms off towards the front, covered in vanilla milkshake. Stan holds himself in laughter]

C1 - FRONT OF HOUSE

[Mara passes Hector, her hair slick with whipped cream and melting dairy. She keeps her head down, staring at the floor with both of her hands up. She places her head in the sink to the right of the register and runs the water, washing her hair and face off]

C3 - DINING ROOM; NEAR BATHROOMS

[Sterling's head perks up]

[Sterling passes]

C4 - DINING ROOM; NEAR ENTRANCE

[Sterling passes]

[Sterling removes a hand-saw from his satchel]

C1 - FRONT OF HOUSE

[Sterling places the nail gun on the front counter again, in exactly the same spot. He approaches Mara from behind. She turns the faucet off, raises her head, and pulls the lever for a paper towel]

[Sterling wraps one arm around Mara, twisting her 180 degrees. Mara, her hair dripping, sees Hector in front of her and Sam to her left. She inhales to scream, but it's cut off by the hand-saw slashing her throat. Her blood spills over the shining armor of his forearm and he drops her. She holds her palms to her throat, crawling into a corner, and is unresponsive a few seconds later.]

[Sterling drops the hand-saw, picking up the nail gun once more]

C2 - BACK OF HOUSE

TIME: 10:15

[Christopher takes a tray of patties left over and makes his way to the back fridge. Ryan is standing over the fryers, switching them off. Stan watches Sterling walk in.]

Stan **[LIP READING]**: Wow, Hector. Doing anything for that promotion, huh?

[Sir Sterling raises the nail gun and pulls. Nothing fires. His finger leaves the trigger, and he brings the nail gun back down to his side. He corners Stan, who continues to scoop ice. Ryan has his back at them, trying to light a cigarette. Christopher remains in the fridge]

[Stan squints his eyes]

[Music ends]

Stan: Dude, is that Mike's mask he got over in Germany? You know how much he loves that damned thing. You're on camera for Christ's sake.

[Sterling breaths heavy]

Stan: Fuck this intimidation shit, man. This is, like, workplace retaliation.

[Stan slides the mask up to look at who's in the suit. A purple hue of light cascades Stan's face as it twists, shrouded in a mix of confusion and terror. Due to severe interference, static artifacts make this footage virtually indescribable. After thirty seconds, the mask slides down. Stan's eyes have been burned out of his head, deceased]

[Sterling moves to Ryan, setting the empty nail gun on the prep table behind him. Ryan looks over his shoulder, noticing, and Sterling grabs him with both hands by the throat and plunges his head directly into the boiling fryer]

[His legs clench as Sterling holds him there for approximately 20 seconds before Christopher returns]

[Christopher drops a tray of expired frozen patties as Sterling pulls Ryan's head from the fryer. His skin is bubbled, split, and charred. His beard and cheeks are hanging in peels from his face]

[Sterling drops Ryan and crushes his now malleable skull with one steel foot. He retrieves the wrench from his belt, grips it tight in steaming hands, and runs at Christopher. In turn, Christopher grabs a knife from the prep station and runs toward him]

[Sterling swings. Christopher ducks, elbows Sterling in the back of his helmet, and runs]

C1 - FRONT OF HOUSE

TIME: 10:25

[Christopher runs to the front, seeing Mara, Hector, and Sam all dead with glazed eyes, their expressions unplugged]

[He picks up the phone latched to the wall a few feet to the right of Hector and dials 9-1-1. His eyes widen at what we've understood to be a disconnected tone. Crime Scene Investigation noted phone lines were slashed]

[He backs up, phone still to his ear, and sees Sterling standing on the other side of Hector. Steam is still rising from his forearms. He closes the distance and swings, nearly missing Christophers left eye and shattering the top half of the telephone]

[Christopher drops it, running toward the counter, sliding over it. Sterling moves to the front of the register and throws the wrench in the same way he threw the hammer]

C4 - DINING ROOM; NEAR ENTRANCE

[Christopher runs, jumping over Sam Black's corpse. The wrench misses, destroying the front window. Sterling, on Camera 1, rounds the counter.]

[Christopher tries jumping through the shattered window, tripping over the sill and tumbling over broken shards of glass]

[He stands, running down the street]

[Sterling enters frame, stepping through the door]

[A medieval horn blares]

[The tape continues running, only the occasional sound of an owl howling outside makes disturbs the otherwise eerie and unconventional silence that hangs over the brutalized bodies of Mara, Stan, Hunter, Hector, Sam and Ryan]

END TRANSCRIPT

SPECIAL AGENT
GRANT MOORE

CONCLUSION:

Over the course of 44 days, Agent Davis and I spoke to each of the victim's families and friends, interviewed the owner and local police, and cemented ourselves among the inhabitants of Valentine.

At 20:00 (8 PM) on October 31st, we received word that someone had been seen dressed as Sir Sterling. We drove down the road leading away from the hotel to the area where he was reportedly standing, and accidentally hit him going 70 MPH as he was crossing the street.

Davis and I stepped out of the car, inspected the scene expecting a body and yet *there wasn't one.* The helmet, chest piece, and boots were strewn across the road as if someone had thrown them out of a speeding car. We took the pieces in for analysis which yielded no prints or traces of any DNA.

Michael Grechen confirmed that the pieces were his, and he had no idea how they would've ended up so far away. He also commented, once again, that he forgot to pray over to the pieces - something that Agent Davis regards as a heavier implication.

Since then, there has been no incident, and we've decided to conclude our investigation as unsolved to allow the town to begin its process of healing for the seven innocent lives lost.

They lay in the local cemetery, and their headstones are arranged in the shape of a heart. In the center of the heart lies a plaque, with a Haiku on loss once written by Stan Wilder for and subsequently submitted by his teacher, Megan Jules:

'Leaves fall, whispers mourn,
Echoes of what once was bright,
Heart's ache, shadows born.'

Written by Daniel Guido

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